

A METROPOLITAN MEDLEY.

STRINGS OF THE CITY'S BIG HARP RESPOND TO REPORTERS' TOUCHES.

A Whole Story in a Sad Smile and Wasted Kisses.

A charming scene was witnessed the other day on Fifth avenue. A victoria was making its way up the street. Two funkeys were on the box. They were in mourning, the tops of their boots being covered with crepe, and a weed a foot deep, more or less, threw a conventional gloom over their stolid, rosy, British faces. They may not have been natives of Her Majesty's isles, but they had the English air, which served every purpose.

Inside the carriage, in solitary state, a young woman sat clad in black, and with her long, long hair sweeping from her small bonnet and her large, dark eyes having a veiled look of sorrow in them and of yearning. It was as if she were in a dream, and her low moan had been felt by all who passed.

Her eyes, with this dreamy look, suddenly rested on a beautiful child passing on the sidewalk. It was a girl dressed in a perfect Kate Greenaway style. Her plump dress was short-waisted and full in the folds below, and on her head was a large flaring hat. From it the bright curls cropped out as fresh as a rose bud.

As the lady's eye caught sight of the beautiful child a tremulous smile came to her lips, which was more pathetic than deeper and told the tale at once. She had evidently laid some little darning away in the cold ground, where her kisses and caresses could not reach it, and her heart had not flinched at the sight of the little girl.

The little girl fixed the dark eye of the lady fixed on her with that earnest look. The little thing smiled at once with the artlessness of happy childhood, which is perfect in its happiness and knows not that sorrow exists. Her small round cheeks took on two tiny dimples.

The lady smiled in return, still in this pathetic way. It was a smile steeped in tears. Then the pretty little on the sidewalk, impelled by Heaven knows what sentiment of human sympathy, she reached out her small gloved hand to her mouth and threw a kiss to the lady.

She put the tips of both her hands to her mouth and stretched them toward the little thing. A moment more and the mettlesome black horse had taken her out of reach of the kindly vision. As she disappeared she was applying a black-edged handkerchief to her eyes.

It was a whole story told in the sad smile and the wasted kisses. The poor mother's heart had been broken by the loss of her child, and she recalled a darling that had once been hers.

A Reported Find: That Caskets Are Still to Be Made in Black.

Passing an undertaker's place the other day THE EVENING WORLD man's attention was drawn to a very small casket. It was of a sort of chocolate pink and looked so handsome that one could almost envy the man who might be buried in it. It was handsomely mounted with oxidized silver handles.

Entering the store he asked the clerk: "Do you make many caskets in these light tints now?"

"No. Very few indeed. Many people object even to silver ornaments. Here in this room," he continued, entering a small room in the rear, "is a casket which was made for a sporting man who is to be sent to Philadelphia. You see how very plain it is. Nothing but unrelieved black cloth. They had the silver screws and handles taken off. But the casket is to go into that handsome red cedar case. That is rich enough."

He pointed to a case of polished red cedar. The corners were in brass and the brass was in flat brass and also in brass. "Does that go into another box?" asked the reporter.

"No. It is the last one. Generally, however, these things are not put in the ground. They are for caskets in a vault, where the casket and this case are pushed into a marble place, which is sealed up with a leaden cap. The owner's name and birth are put in gilt letters. There is an outside door to that vault, often of glass, which is generally closed, so that the weather has very little chance to get at the wood and affect it. The vaults are dry and well ventilated."

"How much does that sort of box cost?" "The price of that is \$75. We make them in different sorts of wood. Sometimes they are of mahogany, or old oak. Taste differs on this matter, just as it does about everything else. Some like one thing and some like another. But the casket proper is nearly always of a dead black, except the dead one is a child, or young girl, when it is usually white."

The reporter was somewhat disappointed, as he had been exhilarated by the thought that in place of the depressing black of a coffin, bright and cheerful colors might be coming into vogue.

He had pictured pale blue, or delicate rose-colored caskets, or some warm shade of brown, or orange or cranberry red, and all this in a soothing fantasy was put to flight by the undertaker's man, who said that the gloomy old black for dead persons was still a main constant.

Constant Additions Coming to the Central Park Zoo.

The zoological collection in Central Park is constantly being enlarged by the gifts of people in this city and elsewhere. Scarcely a week passes in which Supt. Conklin does not receive some addition to the display from persons interested in our famous Park.

Besides these presentations, the collection is gradually being enlarged by purchases which are made when it is deemed advantageous.

Two Barbary sheep, captured in the mountains of North Africa, were bought a short time ago of F. J. Thompson, a naturalist, of 41 East Sixty-fifth street. They cost the city \$320.

Among the recent donations are two rare brown hawks, inhabitants of Montana, which were presented by Francis C. Martin, of Boston.

There were also given a leather back turtle, a present to J. Watts Deneyster, of 59 East

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she gave to Castoria. When she had children, she gave to Castoria.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

O you are going to New York, Lester?" There were tears in the pretty eyes of Rachel Moore, as she put this question pleadingly to her betrothed lover, Lester Wyld.

The next day Lester departed, to enter upon what was to him a new life. In less than a week Rachel received a letter, full of description of city life, but sadly lacking in those words that her heart hungered for.

The letters which followed this first one were all of the same type—frivolous, selfish, shallow. By and by they came only once a month—afterwards at more distant intervals still. He had a great deal of business on his hands, he wrote; he had no time to devote to letters, and Rachel knew that the plea was false, for he was not always having to write to those who loved, even if we steal it from the hours of sleep?

When two years had gone by Mr. Wyld wrote no more, and Rachel, after once sending to inquire if he were ill, and receiving no response, suffered the veil of silence to drop between them. Six months afterward Rachel's father, the only being left to her in the world, was taken very ill and, after a week of suffering, died. She had a great deal of business on his hands, he wrote; he had no time to devote to letters, and Rachel knew that the plea was false, for he was not always having to write to those who loved, even if we steal it from the hours of sleep?

The letters which followed this first one were all of the same type—frivolous, selfish, shallow. By and by they came only once a month—afterwards at more distant intervals still. He had a great deal of business on his hands, he wrote; he had no time to devote to letters, and Rachel knew that the plea was false, for he was not always having to write to those who loved, even if we steal it from the hours of sleep?

ALL AMONG THE ATHLETES.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY MEETING OF THE UNION A GREAT SUCCESS.

Two of the World's Records Hadly Shattered and a Generally Interesting Programme of Events Well Carried Out—Other Sporting Affairs Just Past and Just on the Tap.

The first supplementary indoor meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union held at Madison Square Garden last night goes on record as a complete success in attendance, enthusiasm and excellence of events. Not a contest on the programme was uninteresting, and two world records were smashed, to the accompaniment of much hand-clapping and tin-horn blowing.

College songs and yells and the cheers of contingents from the various athletic clubs represented in the events kept the air in resonant motion between times and at almost all times.

The record-breakers were M. O'Sullivan, of the Pullman (Ill.) Athletic Club, and G. R. Gray, the Canadian, of the N. Y. A. C. The former raised by 2½ inches a record of 13 feet 9½ inches in putting the fifty-six pound weight for height, while the latter increased to 32 feet 6½ inches the former record of 27 feet 11 inches in putting the twenty-four pound shot for distance.

There was long and loud applause when Fred W. Robinson, the young sprinter of Yale College and the N. Y. A. C., won the final heat in the 75-yard dash. The finish was close and exciting; the time, 2.2 seconds. S. J. King, of Washington, was second in the race.

An especially interesting event of the evening was the appearance of A. B. George, the Spartan Harrier runner, of London. He is a brother of the famous W. G. George, whom he much resembles on the track. His beautiful winning gait in the two-mile run was much admired. Some people saw in his appearance from across the garden a resemblance to E. C. Carter.

The McCarthy and Young contest last night resulted as was predicted in this column in favor of McCarthy. It was a remarkably well brought out affair and was finished in about the right time for a good fight, well inside the hour.

Princeton is the favorite for the coming football games with Yale at the Polo Grounds. Indeed, they are saying that it is the Harvard students not the faculty, that objects to a match with the Jersey collegians.

Some malicious persons have been circulating reports that the Spartan Harriers have collapsed. The best refutation of these stories is the following feature already arranged: Thanksgiving Day, paper chase from Newark; Dec. 13, reception at Nelson Hall; Christmas Day, water chase from the Hudson; New Year's, annual ladies' day and chase. The Committee in charge of the reception for Dec. 13 are very much encouraged by the interest of members and the public in the affair. They have decided to issue a limited number of invitations only. Max Schwab's orchestra has been engaged for the occasion.

The New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association has arranged six events for a Thanksgiving-day tournament, open to all. The grounds are at Claremont, Jersey City, and easily reached by the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

The four A. ten-mile championship run will be given under the auspices of the M. A. C. at the latter's grounds, Eighty-eight street and Eighth avenue, on Saturday, Nov. 24, commencing at 2 P. M.

The annual boxing tournament of the Scottish-American Athletic Club will be held at Pavonia Park, Monday evening, Dec. 17, for the championship of New Jersey and New York, in the following weights: One hundred and five pounds, 115 pounds, 135 pounds, 155 pounds. There will also be a pound wrestling match. A handsome gold medal will be given to the winner of each event. Open to all amateurs. Entries close on Dec. 12, with D. A. Donnelly, Secretary, S. A. A. C., 433 Grove street, Jersey City.

The Renewal of a Profession. [From Times.] The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse.

The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin. Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Ex-Chief Justice Drummond, of Utah, drops dead in a low building in Chicago. The funeral of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

Four brothers marry four sisters at Louisville, Ky. Baron Raymond Belliere is put in a Paris madhouse. The birthday of the Emperor Frederick is celebrated in Berlin.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN OUR

China Department.

Beautifully decorated Dinner

Sets, 160 pieces - - - \$12.98

Handsomely decorated Tea

Sets, 56 pieces - - - 4.74

Richly decorated Toilet Sets,

10 pieces - - - 3.98

Large assortment of imported and domestic HOLIDAY GOODS at strictly popular prices.

HOLIDAY CATALOGUE, containing complete descriptions, illustrations and prices of all the latest novelties, will be mailed FREE to any address upon application.

Boomingdale Bros.,

THIRD AVE. AND 59TH ST.

A BIG INDIAN WILL RUN.

He Has High Hopes of Carrying the Six-Day Trophy to His Wigwam.

The latest entry for the world's championship game—open-pleasure in Kime-maw-law, a full-blooded Sioux Indian. He is a son of Red Shirt, and is as feet-footed as an antelope. He thinks he can lose before the full six days, and hang the Fox diamond belt in his wigwag along with his collection of seals and other trophies.

In English racing, "Running Fox," and he is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

Donald Burns has a wild man in training in the Adirondacks for the race. He is two inches taller than Running Fox, and is a foot-fall in his moccasins. He enters under the management of Col. Frank Richmond, Buffalo Bill's business manager.

A Golden Opportunity.

THE FAILURE OF ADAMS, MCGILL & CO. OF PHILADELPHIA, ENABLES US TO OFFER AN EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY FOR SECURING A SUIT OF CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER FROM THE VERY FINEST FOREIGN TEXTURES AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

FORTHWITHING THE HIGH QUALITY AND STURDY ASSORTMENT HANGING IN THIS LOT, WE HAVE AS OUR INVARIABLE CUSTOM, DETERMINED TO GIVE THE PUBLIC THE FULL ADVANTAGE OF OUR PURCHASE.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 14, 1893.

MESSRS. GEO. A. CASTOR & CO.

DEAR SIR: IN ANSWER TO YOUR INQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE STOCK OF WOOLLENS YOU PURCHASED FROM OUR ASSIGNEE, I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THEY ARE ALL, WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS, THE FINEST QUALITY OF IMPORTED GOODS. WE PURCHASED THEM FOR THIS SEASON'S TRADE, OUR PRICES FOR SUITING WERE FROM \$40 TO \$60, AND OUR TROUSERS FROM \$10 TO \$16. I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL MAKE MUCH MONEY ON THE TRANSACTION AS WE HAVE LOST, VERY TRULY YOURS,

ROBT. H. ADAMS.

IN ADDITION TO THE FOREGOING, AND INCLOSURE IN THIS SALE, WE OFFER A LIMITED ASSORTMENT OF FINE ENGLISH SUITING AND TROUSERS, BEING THE RESIDUE OF THE STOCK OF MESSRS. REDFERN & SONS, 107th AVE., WHO HAVE DISCONTINUED THEIR GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

GEO. A. CASTOR & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 18TH ST.,

267 BROADWAY, OFF. CITY HALL PARK.

33 PER CENT. SAVING IN GAS BILLS.

Prevent all Smoking and "Blowing" Burners. Insure Complete Combustion of Gases.

Increased Brilliance of Illumination.

Prevent all Poisonous Vapors.

Over 10,000 Machines in Service.

GUARANTEED.

REPAY THEIR COST IN SAVINGS—EVERY THREE MONTHS.

EXCLUSIVE CITY OR STATE AGENTS AWARDED.

The Union National Gas Saving Co.,

744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MY LAST LECTURE to week, nervous men in mailed free. Address, Prof. Fowler, Modus, Conn.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

H. R. JACOBS'S BROOKLYN THEATRE

Corner Washington and Johnson sts.

Matinee every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

This week, the best American play.

MY PARTNER.

BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Knewen, 15, 20, 25, 30 and 50 cents.

Matinee prices, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

H. R. Jacobs's New Lyceum Theatre.

Corner of Montrose and Leonard sts.

Matinee MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

10c. 20c. 30c.

In the Comedy Drama.

MRS. MCKEE RANKIN

THE GOLDEN GIANT.

AMPHION ACADEMY, BROOKLYN.

A KNOWLEDGE AND MORRIS, Lecturer and Manager.

EVERY EVENING, 7:30 P. M. MATS.

THE FUGITIVE.

L. K. AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, E.D.

Commencing Nov. 15, Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

Great "Drama."

"THRODOLLA."

Week Nov. 26—Mr. J. K. EMMETT.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

COLUMBIA PARK THEATRE.

Mr. J. H. JEFFERSON.

Cast including John Gilbert, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. John Gilbert.

Wed. Mat. and Sat. Eve.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

HOLMES'S STANDARD MUSEUM, Brooklyn.

THIS WEEK MATINEE EVERY DAY.

M. F. HAYDEN IN THE BOY HERO.

F. F. PROCTOR'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

South 4th and Driggs sts.

Next Week—J. H. WALKER.

THE ROMAN RYE.

The Moon Looked Like a Fire.

[From the Pittsburgh Post.]

The entire fire department of Americans, Ga., was called out one evening recently to extinguish the moon. It was just 6 o'clock in the evening, when the usually pale luncheon came up behind a bank of dark clouds and assumed an unwonted rosy tinge. An enthusiastic fireman saw his reflection on the side of a house, yelled "fire," and out came the department and multitudes of excited citizens ready to battle with the flames. On sizing up the situation the boys concluded their ladder was too short to get their "hooks" in.

heaven to deal justly for the future."

Down on his knees at her feet he sank, and buried his face in the folds of her garments.

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel!" he moaned, "after I wronged you as I did, you yet could do this for me!"

She bade him rise, and drew back from his eager grasp coldly.

"The last is dead," she said, quietly; "but the man a woman like once loved never seems to her just like other men. Put the papers out of the way, and then give us your promise."

With trembling hand he took the bundle from her and dropped it upon the fire. When it was reduced to ashes he lifted his hand to heaven, and spoke solemnly.

"I swear to be honest and true in my dealings, with the help of God, and may he so deal with me as keep my vow."

"I swear," said Rachel, softly, and before he could raise a hand to stay her she had glided from the room.

A month afterward Mabel Wyld fled from her home with a disolute young man pretending to be a Polish Count, but before long his real character became known to the devoted woman, and so mortified was she at having risked everything to become the mis-

trees of a second round and impoter that she took the shortest way out of trouble, and left the world at the end of a silken cord fastened to a bracket in her bedroom.

The Lester Wyld had been a wifeless man a year he sought Rachel Moore; for, in spite of the solicitations of many ardent suitors, she was Rachel Moore's child. He loved her all that he had—all that he was or might be—and told her what was the truth—that he loved her with his whole soul. She answered him in her own sweet way, and looking in her stony face he knew the answer was final.

Mr. Wyld, six years ago you destroyed all my faith in you. My love for you died, and in its grave all my capabilities for love were buried. In my life I shall marry no man."

"Any if this be so, in my life I shall marry no woman," he said, sadly, and left her alone.

More than thirty years have passed since then, and these two old people—pink and gray-haired—go their separate ways.

Whether either of them ever casts back a regretful look over the sweetness of love which "might have been" for them, who can tell?

AMUSEMENTS.

CABRIO. BROADWAY AND 37TH ST.